How Little Old Broadway "Grew Up"

Vesey Street to Duane, Broadway's Uptown Stride in 1794, Embraced Section Richest in History.

There City Hall Park Became New York's "Cradle of Liberty" and Thoroughfare Got Its Start as Greatest Theatrical Street in World—Homes of New Yorkers Famous in Social and Intellectual History Stood There—Was Called "Great George Street."

The Evening World to-day publishes the second in a series of interesting stories which tell the history of the greatest thoroughfare in the world. Every New Yorker will want to read them. The next story will appear in an early issue.

By Will B. Johnstone.

WE have seen how Broadway started at Bowling Green in 1614, reached Wall Street by 1653, and Vesey Street a hundred years later.

The third step of Broadway was between Vesey Street and Duane Street, surveyed in 1760. This section was first called Great George Street, but in 1794 became Broadway. Broadway's history here is richest because of City Hall Park, New York's "Cradle of Liberty" fronting the street, where were staged events that shaped the War of 1776, preceding the well press agented outbursts of Revolutionary spirit in Boston and Philadelphia.

"New York is seldom accorded full measure of credit for her Revolutionary efforts, a record equal to the best and superior to many of the cities in revolt," says Henry Collins Brown. Blood was shed on Broadway here considerably before the Boston massacre or the Battle of Lexington.

Broadway, the greatest theatrical thoroughfare in the world, got its start as an amusement place in 1752 at the corner of Vesey Street, opposite St. Paul's, the site of the old Astor House, half of which stands as an unsightly object to-day.

Here Adam Vandenberg conducted the "late Drovers' Inn," and a Mr. Dugee advertised that "he performs on the wire and slack rope at the new house built for that purpose in Mr. Adam Vandenberg's garden." (Longacre owes Dugee a monument.) In later years another famous amusement place stood across the street (southeast corner of Ann and Broadway). This was Barnum's Museum, run by sly old P. T. Barnum, who first discovered advertising. When the museum burned, around 1865, the statue of St. Paul on the church opposite was severely scorched. Zip, the famous "What Is It?" was advertised as a freak here on the playbills of 1861, and the same Zip appeared at the Madison Square Garden circus this year.

The street names here, Vesey, Barclay, Murray and Chambers, are after distinguished members of the Trinity Corporation, originally owners of the property King's Farm. Warren Street was named for Admiral Sir Peter Warren, who founded Greenwich Village.

In 1794 fine residences fronted the park above Vesey and Barclay. Among them Walter Rutherford, Rufus King, Cornelius Roosevelt. In 1802 Aaron Burr's residence as Vice President was next to the corner of Vesey. Mayor Edward Livingston lived next to Burr, the property being owned by John Jacob Astor.

Astor bought the whole block and erected the Astor House, which was finished in 1838. This famous hostelry entertained in its day Sam Houston, Webster, Clay, Lincoln, Irving, Hawthorne, Charles Dickens, Macready, Rachel and Jenny Lind. Thurlow Weed, the first "boss," had his political headquarters in the hotel. In those days Broadway was so congested with omnibuses that some Astor House lounge-lizard claimed he could "walk from Barnum's to the Battery on their roofs."

Where the Woolworth Building now stands (tallest office structure in the world) once lived John Jacob Astor, Philip Lydig and Mayor Philip Hone. Hone wrote in his diary that the Astor House would never be surpassed as a hotel. Now look at it. Wonder what Phil would think of the Woolworth rising on his old house lot?

City Hall Park was first called Whet (flat) by the Dutch, later known as the Commons, Fields, and finally Park when established as such in 1785.

The park is too small to hold all the monuments required to record all its historic events.

Where the old Post-Office stands to-day was the site of the gallows where Gov. Leisler was hanged by the Dutch. Leisler's country house was about where The World Building stands.

The park was first used as a negro burial ground (north end) and cow pasture. Later a powder house (City Hall site), then a limekiln (using clay from Collect Pond), and the city's first poorhouse (on Chambers Street side) occupied the ground.

In 1734 soldiers' barracks ran along the upper end.

In 1759 the Provost Prison stood opposite The World Building site. This prison was conducted by the infamous Cunningham during the Revolution, who boasted he killed 11,000 American soldiers by starving them, "more than killed by Lords Howe and Cornwallis with their armies."

Between Broadway and the west wing of the present City Hall stood the Bridewell, where American soldiers captured at Fort Washington were also cruelly treated.

This spot, which is opposite Murray Street, is to New York what the site of the Boston Massacre is to Boston.

Here was the first clash between New York patriots and King George's soldiers. Here New Yorkers erected the first Liberty Pole, June 4, 1766, when the King repealed the odious Stamp Act. The pole-raising celebration included fireworks, cannon, roasted oxen, quantities of beer and hogsheads of rum punch, while city "bucks" drank forty-one toasts of Madeira at Burn's Coffee House. Ah, the wet old days.

This Liberty Pole's flag was inscribed with the names, "King-Pitt-Liberty."

Aug. 14, 1766, the first blood of the Revolution was shed at Broadway (months before Boston), when the King's soldiers cut down this Liberty Pole and attacked the indignant citizens in the ensuing fray.

Another pole was immediately erected, which was again cut down by the soldiers Sept. 23, 1766. Next day another pole was put up, which was cut down March 18, 1767. The fourth pole was erected March 19, 1767, secured by braces and iron bands, and a watch set to guard it. This stood in spite of many attacks until Jan. 16, 1770, when the soldiers sawed it up and piled it in front of Mountanye's tavern (Murray and Broadway), the headquarters of the Liberty Boys, also wrecking the tavern, attacking with bayonets until officers interfered.

June 14, this year, Flag Day, a replica of the lost Liberty Pole will be erected on the site. George A. Zabriskie, Henry Collins Brown, Robert Olyphant, Reginald P. Bolton and many city organizations are responsible for the memorial.

New York also had a "Boston Tea Party." It started in a meeting in the park, April 22, 1774, and ended in a raid on the ship London, from which tea was dumped. Alexander Hamilton first appeared as a public speaker in the park, when seventeen years old (July 6, 1774).

July 9, 1776, the Declaration of Independence was published to the American troops standing in the lower end of the park in hollow square, surrounding Gen. Washington, who was on horseback.

The present City Hall, architectural treasure, was designed in 1802 by Macomb and Mangin (in competition) and partly used for the first time July 4, 1810.

Its foundation is freestone, the upper part marble (that came from Stockbridge, Mass.), the back brownstone (now covered to resemble marble).

The building cost half a million; reasonable when compared to the Court House behind it, which cost over fourteen millions, as a result of the "Tweed Ring's" gigantic steal.

City Hall has figured in many great celebrations. Lafayette held daily receptions here in 1824. Lord Ashburton, who was outwitted by Webster in the disputed points of the Treaty of Washington—and before him, Hull, Perry, Jones, Lawrence and Decatur—were received here. Also Gen. Winfield Scott, Cyrus Field (in 1858, after laying his cable). The cupola burned during the Field celebration. In May, 1917, at the time of Balfour's visit, the cupola again burned.

Lincoln, Grant, John Howard Payne and others famous have lain in state in the Hall.

In 1900 Mayor Van Wyck dug the first spadeful of ground for our present subway systems in front of the City Hall. As a result Broadway is honeycombed with the underground nearly the length of the island.

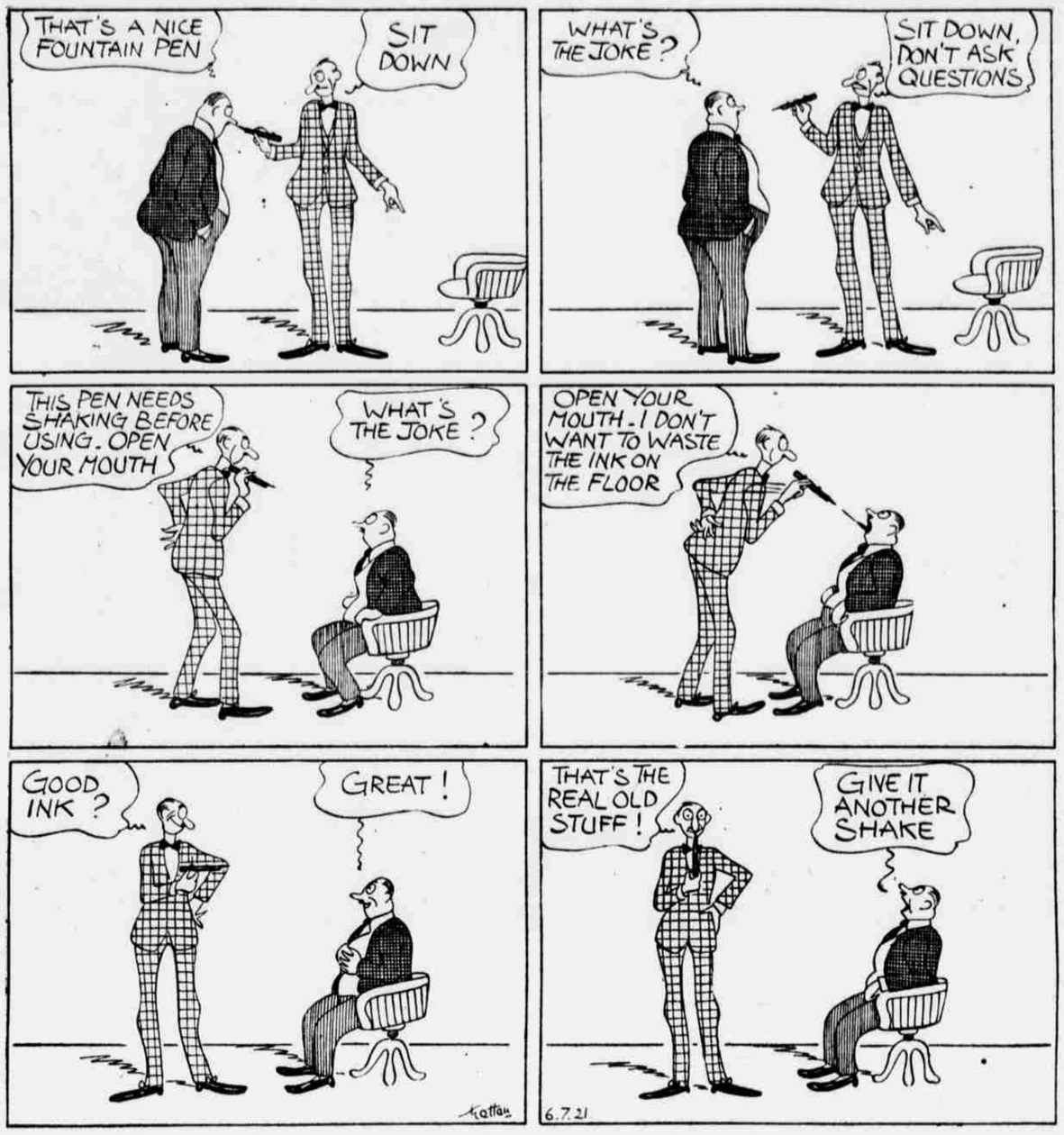
The Post Office eyesore which was permitted to encroach upon City Hall Park was completed in 1875. The city sold the ground to the Government on the condition that it be used solely for a Post Office. It has ceased to be used solely for that purpose, so a movement is on foot to raze it and restore the park to its original beauty of Colonial days.

On the corner of Broadway and Chambers Street still stands (northeast corner) the building used by A. T. Stewart for New York's first great dry goods emporium.

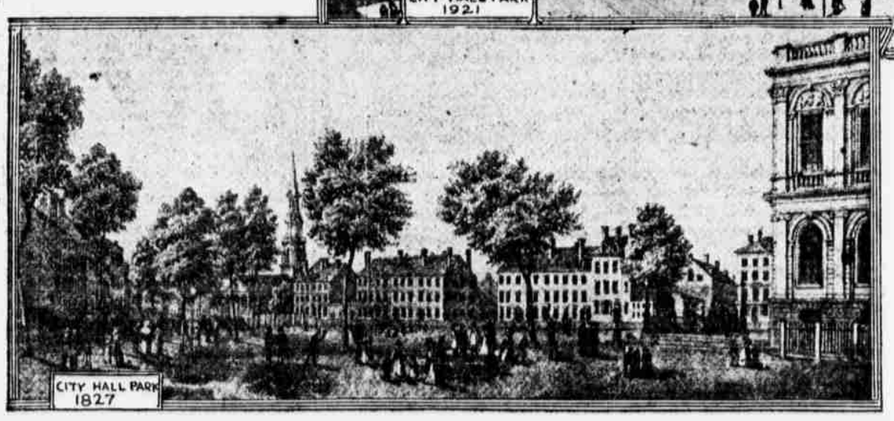
DAILY MAGAZINE

Can You Beat It!

'By Maurice Ketten



ONE CENTURY'S CHANGES IN CITY HALL PARK



The Three Servitors

By Sophie Irene Loeb.

AT Franklin, Pa., there live in one house three people whose record for servitude cannot often be depulicated in any one home. They are Priscilla Jones, housekeeper, who has been with the family for fifty-seven years; Mary Porter, the cook, who has spent forty-five years in the same family, and Peter Greggs, the handy man, who has thirty years to his credit in the same household.

Needless to say this is a very old family. Not only this, but the members know how to keep servants—a very rare accomplishment.

"Why, they are hardly servants at all," said Dick, one of the family, a friend of mine. "And when I return from a trip I greet them with the same affection and the same gladness as I do the other members of the family.

"Whenever any of them wish to invite a friend to visit, they have their own apartments, and they are at liberty to do so.

"It is their home and they regard it as such. They are expected to do their work as best they can and they do it. There is no friction, because each of them knows what is expected.

"They take an interest in the welfare of the family and perhaps therein lies the secret of it all," he concluded.

Priscilla Jones began as a nurse maid in this home and did her work so well and so faithfully that she grew with the family and filled a most important place.

Could you get her away? Not for anything in the world. She has a neat little bank account and she knows she will never want.

The same is true with the others. They are very contented and have no regrets. They do not consider themselves as servants, but rather that they are doing good work and that each must do good work in the world in order to get the best out of it.

In this day, when the servant question seems to be such a problem, one reflects with considerable interest on these three who have filled their places with credit and pleasure.

On all sides I hear housewives bitterly complaining about the dearth of help and how difficult it is to get good service. Naturally, everybody says there are two sides to the question, but when each has met his side fairly and squarely, there is no longer a question.

I am confident that Priscilla Jones never insists that it is her Thursday out when unexpected company arrives at the house. She regards herself as a member of the family and when the unexpected happens she is there to play her part.

I am sure that Peter Greggs when he is told to do some new thing that has come up suddenly does not say, "I was not hired to do this kind of work." He does it because he is working in the interest of the family.

I am also of the opinion that the housekeeper can be depended upon to take full charge of the home should any of the others be disabled at any time.

In other words, there is team work between all the members of the family and the servants, and where there is such co-operation in a household, there is a sure solution of the servant business.

At the same time I know there is not a member of the family that is not considerate of any one of the three. When they are sick they are taken care of.

When anything goes on in the neighborhood or the church they are invited to participate. Should there be a hot afternoon, when the work is done and the automobile is not in use, the servants are given a little ride.

They are not forever made to feel that they must "keep their place." They have a duty to perform every day and they perform it, knowing they are respected for it.

And above all, appreciation of effort is in that home, and that is perhaps the keystone that carries the entire works.

If only more of these methods could be encouraged on the part of both parties, very little trouble would be felt in domestic quarters.

It is true that many servants insist on so many rules and regulations that it is difficult, even impossible, to conform with them. They demand certain hours, certain periods off and all the rest of the ultra-modern ideas of service.

The successful home cannot be run on too rigid rules. Unexpected things happen and the servants might well conform with them if they do not come too frequently.

At the same time there are employers who expect too much and service becomes drudgery—that is, too many unexpected things happen and the servants must give up too much of everything. Moderation is the only element to be conserved in this connection.

After all, the big human equation enters into it and consideration covers it all.

The servant who really gives service and continues to hold his job can truly say with Stevenson, "I know what pleasure is, for I have done good work."

Mademoiselle of Monte Carlo

A Mystery of To-Day

By William Le Queux

SYNOPSIS OF PRECEDING INSTALMENTS.

A mystery surrounds the death of Hugh Henfrey's father, who has left the son a large sum of money provided he marries Louise Benton. In Monte Carlo with a friend, Walter Brook, Hugh meets "Mademoiselle of Monte Carlo," who is about to disclose to him information regarding his father's death when she is shot, but not fatally. Hugh is accused of the shooting. Also in Monte Carlo is Dorise Hitchcomb with whom Hugh is in love but who is being urged by her mother to marry George Sherrard, whom Dorise dislikes. Hugh is mysteriously aided to escape by Il Passero, head of a gang of international thieves, whose identity and motives are both unknown to Hugh. Dorise meets a mysterious man called "Silverado," who promises to take her to Hugh and who asks her if she had ever heard Hugh speak of a girl named Louise Lambert. Hugh suddenly appears at Dorise and "Silverado" are discussing several persons whom the mysterious man warns Dorise against. Hugh is told his safety lies in reaching England. Hugh again meets Dorise by appointment. They are shadowed by a silent watcher. Hugh meets Benton, who poses as a friend and arranges for him to flee with people who will protect him and keep his identity a secret from the police. He meets the mysterious Il Passero, "The Sparrow."

CHAPTER XIX.

HUGH HENFREY was at last face to face with the most notorious criminal in Europe!

When "Mr. Peters" admitted his identity Hugh drew a long breath. He was staggered. He was profuse in his thanks, but "the Sparrow" merely smiled, saying:

"It is true that I and certain of my friends make war upon society—and more especially upon those who have profiteered upon those brave fellows who laid down their lives for us in the war. Whatever you have heard concerning me I hope you will forgive, Mr. Henfrey. At least I am the friend of those who are in distress, or who are wrongly judged—as you are today."

"I have heard many strange things concerning you from those who have never met you," Hugh said frankly. "But nothing to your detriment. Every one speaks of you, sir, as a gallant sportsman, possessed of an almost uncanny cleverness in outwitting the authorities."

"Oh, well," laughed the shrewd old man, "by the exercise of a little wit and the possession of a little knowledge of the personnel of the police, one can easily outwit them. Curious as you may think it, a very high official of Scotland Yard dined with me here only last night. As I am known as a student of criminology and reputed to be the author of a book upon that subject, he discussed with me the latest crime problem with which he had been called upon to deal—the mysterious murder of a young girl upon the beach on the northeast coast. His frankness rather amused me. It was, indeed, a quaint situation," he laughed.

"But does he not recognize you?—or suspect?" asked Hugh.

"Why should he? I have never been through the hands of the police in my life. Hence I have never been photographed, nor have my finger prints been taken. I merely organize—that is all."

"Your organization is most wonderful, Mr.—er, Mr. Peters," declared the young man. "And frankly, I am utterly astounded."

The old man's face again relaxed into a sphinx-like smile.

"When I order I am obeyed," he said in a curious tone. "I ordered your rescue from that ugly situation in Monte Carlo. You and Miss Ranscomb no doubt believed the tall man who went to the ball at Nice as a cavalier to be myself. He did not tell you anything to the contrary, because I only reveal my identity to persons whom I can trust, and then only in cases of extreme necessity."

"Then I take it, sir, that you trust me, and that my case is one of extreme necessity."

"It is," was the Sparrow's reply. "At present I can see no solution of the problem. It will be best, perhaps, for you to remain where you are for the present," he added. He did not tell the young man of his knowledge of Benton and his hostess.

"But I am very desirous of seeing Miss Ranscomb," Hugh said. "Is there any way possible by which I can meet her without running too great a risk?"

The Sparrow reflected in silence for some moments.

"Today is Wednesday," he remarked slowly at last. "Miss Ranscomb is in London. That I happen to know. Well, go to the Bush Hotel, in Farnham, on Friday afternoon and have tea. She will probably motor there and take tea with you."

"Will she?" cried Hugh eagerly. "Will you arrange it? You are, indeed, a good Samaritan!"

The little old man smiled.

"I quite understand that this enforced parting under such circumstances is most unfortunate for you both," he said. "But I have done, and will continue to do, all I can in your interest."

"I can't quite make you out, Mr. Peters," said the young man. "Why should you evince such a paternal interest in me?"

The Sparrow did not at once reply. A strange expression played about his lips.

"Have I not already answered that question twice?" he asked. "Rest assured, Mr. Henfrey, that I have your interests very much at heart."

"You have some reason for that, I'm sure."

"Well, yes, I have a reason—a reason which is my own affair." And he rose to wish his visitor "good night."

"I'll not forget to let Miss Ranscomb know that you will be at Farnham. She will, no doubt, manage to get her mother's car for the afternoon," he said. "Good night!" and with his gloved fingers he took the young man's outstretched hand.

The instant he heard the front door close he crossed to the telephone, and asking for a number, told the person who answered it to come aground and see him without a moment's delay.

Thus, while Hugh Henfrey was seated beside Mead as Mrs. Bond's car went swiftly toward Kingston, a thin, rather wiry-looking man of middle-age entered the Sparrow's room.

The latter sprang to his feet quickly at sight of his visitor.

"Ah! Howell! I'm glad you've come. Benton and Molly Maxwell are deceiving us. They mean mischief!"

The man he addressed as Howell looked aghast.

"Mischief!" he echoed. "In what way?"

"I've not yet arrived at a full conclusion. But we must be on the alert, and ready to act whenever the time is ripe. You know what they did over that little affair in Marseilles? They'll repeat, if we're not very careful. That girl of Benton's they are using as a decoy—and she's a dangerous one."

"For whom?"

"For old Henfrey's son."

The Sparrow's visitor gave vent to a low whistle.

"They intend to get old Henfrey's money—eh?"

"Yes—and they will, if we are not very wary," declared The Sparrow. "The boy has been entirely entrapped. They made one faux pas, and it is upon that we may—if we are careful—get the better of them. I don't like the situation at all. They have a distinct evil design against the boy."

"Benton and Molly are a combination pretty hard to beat," remarked Howell. "But I thought they were friends of ours."

"True. They were. But after the little affair in Marseilles I don't trust them," replied the Sparrow.

His midnight visitor again drew a long breath.

"What we all say of you is that the Sparrow is gifted with an extra sense," he said.

The little old man with the gloved hand smiled contentedly.

"I really don't know why," he said. "But I scent danger long before others have any suspicion of it. If I did not, you would, many of you who are my friends, have been in prison long ago."

"But you have such a marvellous memory."

"Memory!" he echoed. "Quite wrong. I keep everything filed. I work yonder at my desk all day. See this old wardrobe," and he crossed to a long genuine Jacobean wardrobe which stood in a corner and, unlocking it, opened the carved doors. "There you see all my plans arranged and docketed. I can tell you what has been attempted to-night. Whether the coup is successful I do not yet know."

Within were shelves containing many bundles of papers, each tied with pink tape in legal fashion. He took out a small black covered index book and after consulting it drew out a file of papers from the second shelf.

These he brought to his table and opened.

"Ah, yes!" he said, knitting his brows as he read a document beneath the green-shaded electric lamp. "You know Franklyn, don't you?"

"Harold Franklyn?"

"Yes. Well, he's in the Tatra, in Hungary. He and Matthews are with three Austrian friends of ours, and to-night they are at the Castle of Szombat, belonging to Count Zsolcza, the millionaire banker of Vienna. The Countess had some very valuable jewels which were indicated to me several months ago by her discharged lady's maid—through another channel, of course. I hope that before dawn the jewels will be no longer at Szombat, for the Count is an old scoundrel who cornered the people's food in Austria just before the armistice and is directly responsible for an enormous amount of suffering. The Countess was a cafe singer in Budapest. Her name was Anna Torna."

Mr. Howell sat open-mouthed. He was a crook and the bosom friend of the great Passero. In the underworld the Sparrow was believed to be fabulously wealthy.

"Is Franklyn coming straight back?" asked Howell.

"That is the plan. He should leave Vienna to-morrow night," said the Sparrow, again consulting the papers. "And he comes home with all speed. But first he travels to Brussels and afterward to The Hague where he will hand over Anna Torna's jewels to old Van Ort and they'll be cut out of all recognition by the following day. Franklyn will then cross from the Hook to Harwich. He will wire me his departure from Vienna. He's bought a car for the job and will have to abandon it somewhere outside Vienna, for, as in most of our games, time is the essence of the contract," and the old fellow laughed oddly.

"I thought Franklyn worked with Molly," said Mr. Howell.

"So he does. I want him back, for I've a delicate mission for him," replied the sphinx-like man known as the Sparrow.

Mr. Howell, at the invitation of the arch-criminal, helped himself to a drink. Then the Sparrow said:

"You are due to leave London the day after to-morrow on that little business in Madrid. You must remain in town. I may want you."

"Very well. But Tresham is already there. I had a letter from him from the Palace Hotel yesterday."

"I will recall him by wire to-morrow. Our plans are complete. The Marquis's picture will still hang in his house until we are ready for it. It is the best specimen of Antonio del Rincon, and will fetch a big price in New York—when we have time to go and get it," he laughed.

"Is Franklyn to help the Maxwell woman again?" asked Mr. Howell, who was known as an expert valuer of antiques and articles of worth, and who had an office in St. James's. He only dealt in collectors' pieces, and in the trade bore an unblemished reputation on account of his expert knowledge and his sound financial condition.

Indeed, to his office came many an art gem stolen from its owner on the continent and smuggled over by devious ways known only to The Sparrow and his associates. And just as ingeniously the stolen property was sent across to America, so well camouflaged that the United States customs officers were deceived. With pictures it was their usual method to coat the genuine picture with a certain varnish, over which one of the organization, an old artist living in Chelsea, would paint a modern and quite passable picture and add a new canvas back.

Then, on its arrival in America, the new picture was easily cleaned off, the back removed and, lo! it was an old master once more, ready for purchase at a high price by American collectors.

Do Not Miss To-morrow's Interesting Instalment.